

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

The Halton Hills Weekend, published every Wednesday, at 211 Armstrong Ave. Georgetown Ont., L7G 4X5 is one of the Metroland Printing, Publishing & Distributing group of suburban newspapers which includes: The Georgetown Independent and The Acton Free Press, Ajax/Pickering News Advertiser, The Aurora Banner, The Barrie Advance, The Brampton Guardian, The Burlington Post, The Collingwood Connection, The Etobicoke Guardian/Lakeshore Advertiser, Halton Hills Week End, Kingston This Week, Lindsay This Week, Markham Economist & Sun, The Milton Champion, The Mississauga News, The Newmarket Era, The Oakville Beaver, Orillia Today, Oshawa/Whitby This Week, Peterborough This Week, Richmond Hill/Thornhill/Vaughan Liberal, The Scarborough Mirror, Today's Seniors, The Uxbridge/Stouffville Tribune.

Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of a typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature will not be charged for, but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the acceptable rate.

In the event of typographical error advertising goods or services at wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell which may be withdrawn at any time.

Editorial and advertising content of The Georgetown Independent is protected by copyright. Unauthorized use is prohibited.

Price: Store copies 50¢ each; Subscriptions \$26.00 per year by carrier; \$46.25 per year by mail in Canada; Rural Routes \$30.00; \$65.00 per year in all other countries. Plus G.S.T.

Second Class Mail Registration Number 6869. The Georgetown Independent is a member of The Canadian Community Newspaper Association and The Ontario Community Newspaper Association.

EDITORIAL -- 873-0301

Editor-in-Chief: Lorne Drury

Editor: Robin Inscow

Managing Editor: Cynthia Gamble

Staff Writers: Janet Baine, Lisa Talyn

Photography: Ted Brown

BUSINESS OFFICE - 873-0301

Manager: Carol O'Grady

Accounting: Pat Kentner

Composing Manager: Steve Foreman

Composing: Sharon Pinkney,

Mary Lou Foreman, Dolores Black, Shelli Harrison,

Debbie McDougall, Kevin Powell, Janet Sharpe

ADVERTISING -- 873-0301

Director of Advertising: Shaun Sauve

Advertising Manager: Sandra Dorsey

Classified Manager: Carol Hall

Display Sales: Arlene Bowman, Janie Smith

Jeanette Cox, Charmaine Letts, Lana Walsma, Tanya MacDonald

National Representative: Dal Browne (493-1300)

DISTRIBUTION

CIRCULATION/SUBSCRIPTIONS - 873-0301

Director of Distribution: Dave Coleman

Circulation Manager: Nancy Geissler

Mailing Address: 211 ARMSTRONG AVE. GEORGETOWN, ONT. 873-0301 L7G 4X5

Walk on the right side

Hey kids, sidewalks are for walking on, roads are for driving on.

That's pretty obvious, isn't it? But there seems to be a contingent of youngsters, from six to 18, who seem to be missing the obvious.

On the way to and from school, students are walking on the road, even right down the middle, cutting through traffic, wheeling bikes through parked cars like their own personal obstacle course, and walking and biking through intersections without regard for stop signs or traffic lights.

With the typical careless attitude of these youngsters, they expect the drivers to stop for them. For the most part, many drivers will, but there will also be that one impatient person who doesn't, and a tragedy occurs.

It won't happen if youngsters used the sidewalks and crossed the streets properly.

During the winter when many sidewalks were impassable, some of this behavior was tolerated, but spring is here, and the sidewalks are clear.

It's time to use them again.

Walk on the right side — walk on the sidewalks.

No money for services

The following letter was filed with this newspaper for publication.

Mr. J. Choi, P.Eng
Manager of Design
Regional Municipality of Halton
Re: alterations of Trafalgar Road south of Ballinafad

Dear sir:
Rural taxpayers no longer have garbage disposal facilities that do not require them literally to throw money away. Lack of local financial support for Wastewise, a nationally-recognized community-based recycling centre that has brought positive attention to Georgetown, threatens to eliminate the possibility of recycling the astonishing array of material it diverts from landfill, and will close off another waste solution for rural residents.

Clearly the Region of Halton is unable to deal with the garbage already generated by its residents.

Yet taxpayers are apparently being asked to approve the cost of altering a rural road to benefit those who intend to profit from a

Letters

to the Editor

rural subdivision which has not been built yet. How is it that there are taxpayer dollars for this project designed to attract new residents to the region when there is clearly not enough money for services for established taxpayers? I am not the only taxpayer and voting citizen who does not approve.

Yours truly,
Gloria Hildebrand

Letters are welcome

It is newspaper policy that all letters must be signed with a telephone number and address, before publication.

Support Bill 62

Dear editor:

Noel Duignan's Bill 62 to stop dumps on the Escarpment is Halton Hills' best chance to stop the RSI proposal in Acton.

Protecting the escarpment is an important concept overall but, if we really want to get selfish about it, it is the answer to our specific problem. Our town (translation: you and I) has paid approximately \$800,000 to fight the dump so far. Wouldn't we rather have a leisure centre, a hockey arena, an indoor pool? (We'll even settle for a tax decrease!)

Whether you are tax conscious, environmentally conscious or recreationally inclined, it all applies to you. Right now, this bill is being sent back to committee. Call your political party at Queen's Park (1-800-268-3747) and tell them you want Bill 62 supported. Tell them you want it to go to a third reading now. If enough people take action, maybe we could all go swimming in something other than a sea of garbage!

Sincerely,
Lois Fraser



We'll trip over that equipment from now until September

My wife tells me she's seen the sure-fire sign that spring is here to stay and summer's not far off.

And she's not talking about any robin.

She says she trips over this sign every time she leaves the house.

To her, the first sign of warm weather is the pile of baseball equipment sprawling in the front hall of our house.

Ah yes, baseball.

That wonderful sport of summer, when the sun shines and the birds chirp as thousands of little leaguers head out to do battle on the local diamond.

Let's face it; there's nothing quite like the magical crack of a bat, or the powerful thud of a ball slapping into a glove. They are like music to my ears.

How about that excitement created as the dust settles after a slide, or the yell of an umpire? It all adds to the atmosphere.

Then there's the lingo, with players talking about "ducks on the pond" or "touching some green,"

with "a little poke" all of which signal sunny weather and warm summer nights under the lights.

Or the multitude of hand signals, telling a batter to bunt, to swing or just take the pitch.

Ah yes, baseball has once again returned to the Brown household for yet another season.

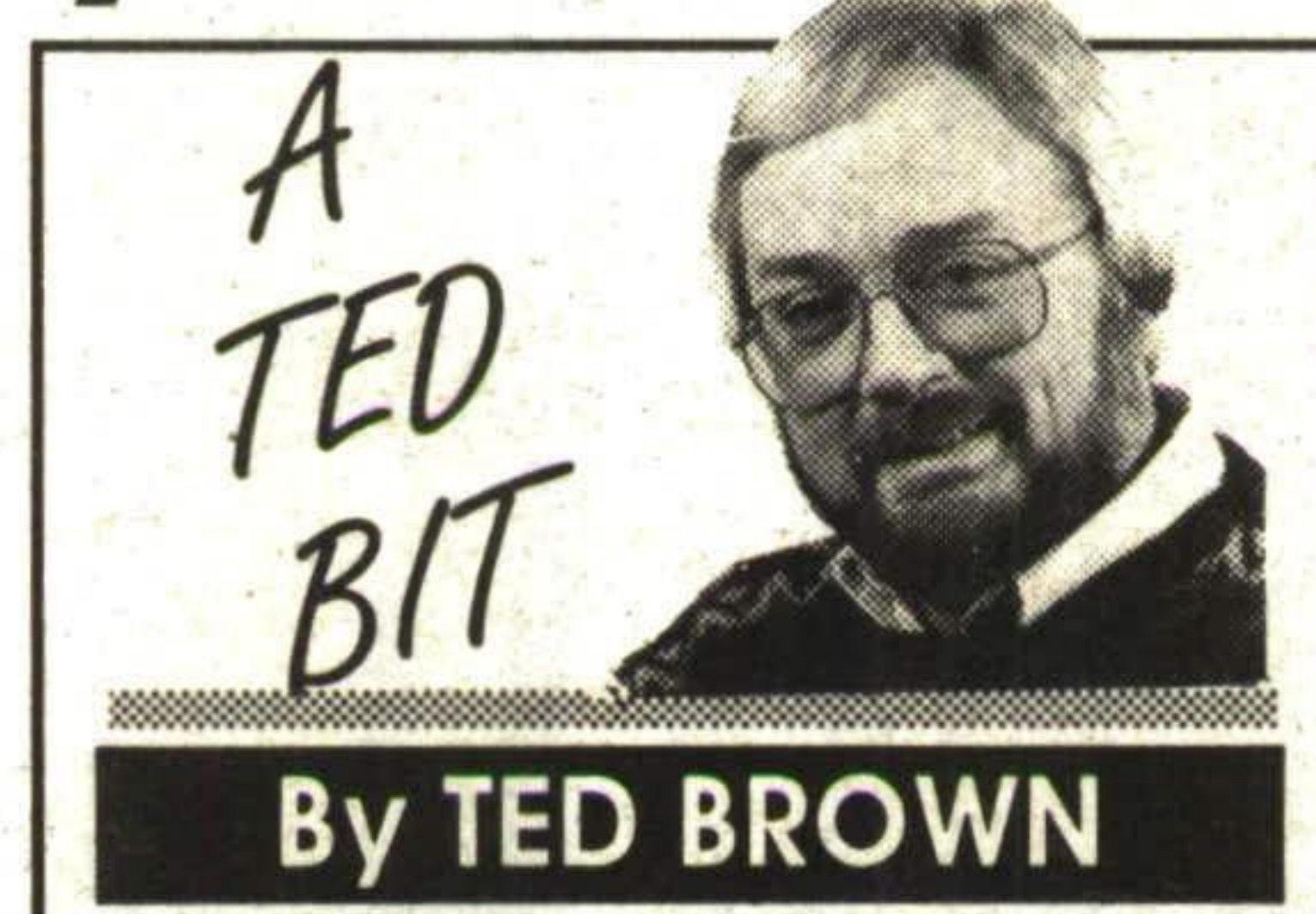
It's that time of the year when the camera equipment in the trunk of my car must compete for space with baseball gloves, bats, spikes, stat books and balls.

And the time of year when the computer at home burns the midnight oil as numbers are entered from yet another game and players' stats are calculated.

RBI's, Slugging Percentages, Onbase Percentages and Batting Averages will become part of our everyday language from now until fall.

Over the years, the Browns have become a baseball family, and I hold my wife fully responsible.

It was about 10 years ago when she first enrolled our oldest girls,



then five and six-year-olds, in T-ball, and we've been chasing a ball every summer ever since.

"Why do you want to get the kids involved in baseball?" I recall asking,

"Gawd, all it does is waste our summer, running to hell and back for baseball games. We can't even go anywhere because we might miss a stupid game."

But she persisted and enrolled the kids.

And I tagged along and photographed their games.

And our kids loved it.

For several years now, we have assembled at the ball park with

other parents in the same boat, who have tirelessly hauled their kids to their games and sat on hard bleachers while swatting black flies to cheer their kids along.

It's an atmosphere all its own.

Fortunately the kids have continued to grow and improve and, with that growth, the caliber of baseball has reached a point where parents now go to a game, not because they feel they should for the sake of their kids, but because they want to watch it.

And as time passed, I fell victim to the cause and helped coach. Now after a year of coaching, I admit it; I'm helplessly addicted to the sport, with all its action, strategy and glory.

Of course, my daughters, (in typical teenage style) tend to regularly remind me how, at this time of year, baseball gets me into the "triple B mode;" that's baseball, beer and male bonding.

And seeing how the head coach of our girls' team has three daughters and I have four, we are both the

sole male species in our own household.

So there's probably an element of truth in their observations.

And now it's my wife's turn to complain, as I sometimes spend more time at the ball park for practices and games, or at my computer, calculating stats, than I spend with her.

But it's all for the betterment of baseball!

When I look at the front hall of our house, I would venture to say my wife is right; the reminders of spring and summer do create some degree of a mess inside the front hall.

We will probably trip over a lot more ball equipment between now and September.

But I'll be frank; it doesn't bother me a bit.

And if my wife were honest, she'd admit the same.

Nor can she even complain.

Because, as I remind her, signing the kids up was all her idea in the first place.